

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



NOVEMBER 1951



Sporting a stylish hairdo, this African youngster owns a personal taxi service.





ONE OUT OF FORTY

**A Japanese village is made over
in a year's time, largely
through the efforts of a priest
and a band of young apostles**

BY CLEMENT HANSAN

■ TWO JEEPS had come to Aodani. One had brought tax collectors. The other had carried policemen who arrived to search the village for weapons. When a third jeep entered the little village a year ago, the people were fearful. The driver of the third jeep was Father Leo J. Steinbach, who brought motion pictures and colored slide films to show to the vil-

Aodani Christians must hear Mass outdoors until they get funds for a church





The truck (above) serves as a confessional for the new Christians. Mass is offered by Father Steinbach (below) on the site where the church will rise.



lagers. After the people recovered from the shock of seeing a jeep that brought good news, they flocked around the Maryknoller.

"Here is a man who thinks only of helping others," said the mayor of Aodani. "This priest lives to the fullest his teaching that 'all men are brothers.' We should learn about his religion."

Today, a year later, a solid core of Catholics exists in this Japanese village. It is one of forty rural centers where Father Steinbach and his helpers teach catechism.

Recently land was purchased, on which to build a church when the money can be found.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XLV, No. 11, November, 1951. Issued monthly. Rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y. AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK.



Aodani's "church without walls or roof" has a choir (above). These converts (below) are the result of Father Steinbach's village apostolate. With the help of forty lay catechists, forty villages around Kyoto are visited each week. The young Japanese catechists explain doctrine, show motion pictures and slide films, and win good will for the Church. Their apostolate also is bringing a rich harvest to God.

NOVEMBER, 1951





TRACKING DOWN THE HUMAN RACE

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH

■ A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, clad in the long gown of a scholar, was seated on a rock at the side of the road, while the rain beat down upon him. He appeared to have in his arms a bundle of some sort, which he was vainly trying to protect with his patched umbrella. He presented a surprising sight — even in South China, where almost nothing sur-

prises. A closer inspection revealed his identity and his story. He was Mr. Leung, the teacher, and he was not alone: the bundle in his arms was a baby.

"My wife is sick," explained Mr. Leung, "and my little son is dying. Soon God will receive his soul. The doctor says he cannot live."

"But why does Elder Born sit in

MARYKNOLL

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the rain with his small nobleman?
Is it not better to seek shelter?"

"The house is not mine," explained Mr. Leung patiently. "I came here to teach in the school. I rent my house from Mr. Wong. He is a very kind man and has helped me in many ways. But of course I could not expect him to let the baby die in his house. That would bring misfortune on his whole family, perhaps on the whole village; or so the people believe. It is the custom."

Mr. Leung continued to sit in the rain. It was, indeed, the custom. Before long God relieved the patient father's predicament by taking the soul of the sick child back to Himself. There was something strange but not inexplicable about the man and the baby in the rain. A philosophy lurked beneath the event. In that philosophy there was no stress on the individual; a human life was cheap if its preservation, or any of its rights, ran counter to clan interests or popular superstition.

In a rural district of Texas, a baby lay dying of a complicated disease. It was ascertained that the doctors at Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, had developed a treatment for the strange condition; that treatment presented the one hope of saving the baby's life. The emergency coincided with one of the worst storms experienced in many years, a storm that blanketed the entire Atlantic coast. All planes were

grounded. It was night.

But a young man of Texas was ready for the emergency. The baby was placed in his plane, and he took off through the storm. Then was seen a mustering of forces. The Army and Navy weather stations along the route spent the whole night checking the flight of the plane and assisting with information. The government in Washington alerted its many agencies. And a goodly number of the people of America prayed. The young pilot landed his plane safely; the baby's life was saved.

The philosophy that explains this incident considers that the worth of a single human being surpasses the combined assets of the entire world. This viewpoint is not peculiar to the American people. It is something that comes from no people, and yet belongs to all people. It is the philosophy of Christ.

The last words Christ spoke on earth comprised the instruction He



wished to leave uppermost in the minds of His followers. The occasion was the last meeting with His disciples, just prior to His ascension into heaven. These are the words He said:

"All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the

Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. xxviii: 18-19)

It was a supreme moment, because it was to inaugurate a new era in the history of mankind. It established, then and there, the part that the Apostles and their successors were to play in the history of mankind. Their part was to write the essential story of the human race, leaving to the rise of empires and the march of secular civilization the furnishing of footnotes.

The little flock that represented the religion of Christ must have deeply realized the importance of the task committed to the Church. Otherwise there is no accounting for the zeal and charity with which the Apostles undertook their task. Four-fifths of the globe were practically unknown to them. The continents of Asia and Africa were known chiefly as vast areas that contained great masses of strange and inaccessible people. The continents of America and Australia, and the myriad islands of the two great oceans, were still undiscovered. The known world consisted of the Mediterranean fringe of Asia and Africa, together with the continent of Europe. Most of Europe was a wil-

derness occupied by rude barbarians. The Roman Empire itself represented the only framework in which any ordinary methods of approach to the task of evangelizing could be carried out.

The mission of reaching and influencing the people must have seemed tremendous to the Apostles. But the new life that had come

on earth with the love of Christ seemed superabounding. The disciples of Christ thought it was a force capable of finding and conquering the hearts of men, however savage and inaccessible, all over the world. The Incarnation was God's solution for the problem of man. As a solution, it was so thorough-going and superabounding that it revealed in one startling flash of cosmic light how deep that problem was.

Mas was a cherished creature. He had been fashioned in the image and likeness of God. His soul was made for truth and beauty and eternal happiness. Even his body was to rise again from the dust and see God. Such a being could not be left forever to his own floundering and ill-starred devices, because he was loved too much. He was an exile, but not an orphan, for he had a Father. His wounds were too deep, his sorrows too inconsolable, his dangers too constant, his needs too abysmal, and his world too complicated, for any ordinary means to suffice. He needed a Saviour. The greatest of all miracles took place, and the Maker of man became a man.

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The importance of man in his own world is a truth that has had a long struggle for acceptance. He did not learn his importance from the lavish bounty of the world, primarily provided for his sole benefit. He did not even learn it from the sudden revelation that God thought enough of him to die for him; because he did not know that fact, or he did not fully realize the implications of Christ's death. The great world tragedy of the ages is that it took so long to establish this primal truth about man. He learned it only from the pressure of external circumstances and after many troubled centuries, being convinced of it finally by the smallness of the world, which made him a trouble to his neighbor.

Until the supreme worth of each and every individual human being was affirmed and dramatized on Mount Calvary, by the charity of Christ Crucified, the dignity of man was an obscure truth that lay buried in the dark welter of a heartless and unheeding world. The great principle was to make its way to the light only gradually, and against all manner of odds.

With all his dismal floundering, man was the important figure in the universe. He was content to blunder on from age to age without even realizing that he walked in darkness. And that is why God Himself came to save man. That is why God told the Church to search

every corner of the earth and find man.

When the Church came out of the catacombs with the Edict of Milan (A.D. 313), nobody yet knew how big the world was; or how many people were in it, and what kind and where; or how long it would take to find and save them. Nor did anybody know how much time was available in which to accomplish this gigantic labor. Nevertheless, the followers of Christ set out with confidence and courage, to take the charity of Christ to their brother men of every tribe and nation.

Europe took a thousand years to accept the Catholic religion. New in the Faith and old in tribal hatreds and human vices, the rescued millions reacted in the manner inevitable in neophytes of their condition. There was much simple goodness,



much heroic sanctity, among them. Most of them had come into the Church in mass movements, some of which were brought about by missionaries, and others engineered by tribal leaders. In many cases the preceding instruction was hardly extensive or thorough, so that the converts were left with much to learn about their new-found religion.

Burdened all at once with the crudities of unwieldy swarms of converted barbarians, the Church was in a sense the victim of her own charity. The Church suffered every kind of wear and tear in the process of bringing order and decency into the lives of the people of Europe. However, they were her sheep, and she loved them. The next five hundred years saw the doctrine and the sacramental grace of Christ refining the hearts of people all over Europe. But attempts to continue world evangelization during these five centuries were few and slight.

The sixteenth century brought the great opportunity and the great tragedy. The opportunity was the Age of Discovery, when the whole unknown world was thrown open by the voyages of the explorers, Christopher Columbus and Vasco de Gama. The tragedy was the Protestant movement, which took whole nations away from the Church at almost the same time.

Had Germany and England, Scandinavia and Holland, remained substantially loyal to the Church at

that critical period, common policies and common resources could have been concerted to carry the Faith east and west, to Africa, India, China, and the Americas. The great opportunity came, but the bond of

unity had been severed. This circumstance retarded incalculably the fulfillment of the great commission to go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

The next four and one-half centuries of mission history were largely conditioned by the great discovery and the great loss. The Church rallied her forces to arrest spreading disaffection and to grasp new opportunities. In both aims, she had good but only partial success. Extensive portions of agitated Europe were reclaimed to the Faith, but many whole nations remained unreconciled. The new mission advance met with striking success at times, and again with striking failure. It was not sufficiently extensive and concerted to reap the full harvest.

Today the Catholic people of the world number well over three hundred millions. This immense cloud of witnesses to the truth of Christ might reasonably be expected to communicate it in turn to the precious remainder of the human race, for whom, also, that truth was intended. However, although world evangelization is being vigorously prosecuted, it still remains in its beginning stage.

Catholics have been given every

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NOVEMBER, 1951

equipment and incentive, together with a divine commission, to inspire and aid them in the great task of evangelizing the world. Catholics are the privileged beneficiaries of divine charity. By no merit of their own, but solely through the mysterious mercy of God, they find themselves safely lodged in their Father's house, where they abound with bread while those outside perish with hunger. They have enjoyed all the spiritual riches of the Faith: they have been rescued, forgiven, renewed, nourished, comforted, and sanctified by divine bounty.

Yet as a body, Catholics remain slow in sharing their blessings with others. They have freely received, but they have not given freely. Vast numbers of Catholics do nothing to spread the Faith. Theirs is a poor response for the gift of Faith, which they received from God's munificence.

Every age has been called a critical one by the men who lived in it; and with reason, for there is no age that is not eternally decisive for millions of souls. The present age is doubly critical, because it not only holds within its hands the immortal destiny of countless individuals, but also holds over the head of all humanity the threat of sudden destruction.

In His hands Christ has the hope our bewildered age needs. He is the bond of union among men, the Head of the body, the First-born among many brothers. Bring Him the sighs, the aspirations, the gifts and efforts, of all the struggling races of the earth, and He will reconcile and unite them all in the great synthesis of brotherly love.



SISTER M. PETER
DUGGAN



SISTER M. DOLORES
CRUISE

Our Maryknoll Departed . . .

ONCE again we ask all our Maryknoll friends to remember in their prayers the souls of departed Maryknollers. In return, we will remember your own dead in our prayers and Masses. During the year, two Maryknoll Sisters finished their earthly course. They were:

Sister M. Peter Duggan. A native of Brookline, Mass., and a graduate of Framingham Normal School, Sister Peter came to Maryknoll in 1919. She pioneered in work for the Japanese, on the West Coast, and in 1931 was transferred to Manchuria. There she became regional superior for Maryknoll Sisters in Manchuria, Japan, and Korea. She was repatriated in 1943, became ill in 1946, and died in August of last year.

Sister M. Dolores Cruise. One of the "Teresian" pioneers, Sister entered Maryknoll in 1918 from her home in East Weymouth, Mass. After long service in China and the Philippines, she died at Maryknoll last November.



HOLLYWOOD Close-up:

■ NOW IN general release throughout the United States is Maryknoll's latest movie, *Indian Street*, which tells the story of Bolivia's Indians and what the Church is doing for them. The new film is narrated by

Ricardo Montalban, popular young MGM actor. Father Francis Caffrey (above) listens to a play-back of the narration immediately after its recording at MGM. Ricardo, still holding his script, checks the narration with Father Caffrey, while Father Henry A. Dirckx, on brief leave from Chile, looks on.



CLOSE-UPS

COLLEGE Close-up:

■ **HOME** ON a short furlough from his Chilean mission, Father Henry A. Dirckx (whose photo, by coincidence, appears opposite) let it be known that he would like to take a jeep with him when he returned south of the border. Through Monsignor Martin Stanton, of Newark, students at Seton Hall College heard of Father's need. In a vigorous drive at the school, they raised funds to purchase a jeep. John Reilly and John Neede (below) drove the jeep to Maryknoll, and turned it over to Father Daniel Schneider for shipment to Chile, while some ex-Seton Hall Maryknollers looked on.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

In Manila recently I made the acquaintance of a Dominican priest named Father Hofstee, and was overwhelmed by his personality, humor, and energy. I was also deeply impressed by his life.

Father Hofstee was once a chaplain in the U.S. armed forces. Moved by the plight of fourteen hundred lepers at Tala, in the Philippines, he asked permission to work for those unfortunates. The undertaking was hard at first. There was no provision for chaplain's quarters, and for a time Father Hofstee had to use the morgue. It was not unusual for him to share that room with one or two corpses.

But he began to affect a reformation in the lives of the lepers. He begged and borrowed for them. One of his favorite schemes was to meet the American liners at Manila, and talk with friends among the crews. Those friends never let him go back to Tala empty-handed; and thanks to them, the lepers now have a fine little church in which to worship.

As impressive as Father Hofstee is his helper, a Filipino priest named Father Isaias Palomel. Just before ordination, he was discovered to have leprosy. It was decided to ordain him for the good he could do among sufferers of this dread disease. He was assigned to San Lazaro Leper Hospital, in the heart of Manila, and labored there until war interrupted

his activities. San Lazaro's sufferers were scattered by the grim events of the years of struggle but with peace came the establishment of a new government asylum at Novaliches, outside Manila, called Tala, the central colony on Luzon for the victims of leprosy.

Father Hofstee invited Father Isaias to go to Tala as his priestly helper. During Benediction at the Tala church, visitors are struck by the beautiful singing of the lepers and sweet cadences of the organ. The organist is none other than Father Isaias. Persons who get close enough are spellbound to discover him manipulating the keys with the mere stumps that serve him as fingers; he has lost each finger down to the second knuckle. At his Mass each morning, it is an experience to see Father Isaias raise aloft the Sacred Host with those stumps.

Tala is a good antidote for selfishness. Neither Father Hofstee nor his assistant, the leper-priest, is concerned about choice cuts of beef or price rollbacks. They have the secret — love and live for others. "He that shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it."
(Matt. xvi: 25)



MARYKNOLL

ER



Bishop Lane, during his visit to Japan, confirmed a class of some 50 converts at Yokkaichi, parish of Father Edmund L. Ryan, among them the mayor's daughter.



Happy Birthday to You!

The mountain Indians found
knives and forks a novelty

BY ARTHUR ALLIE

■ AS FATHER JOHN LENAHA and I drew near the town of Santa Eulalia, we were met by a delegation of Indian children. On the outskirts of the town itself was gathered a crowd of five hundred Indians, awaiting our arrival. Some of the people were playing marimbas; the rest had their arms full of flowers. In front of this crowd, stood a boy and a girl who sang clearly and correctly, in English, "Happy Birthday to you!"

As we walked with the crowd toward the center of the town, we were pelted with flowers. We entered the church, and the crowd came pouring in after us. As we walked up the aisle, an Indian lad sprinkled freshly plucked pine needles before us. The whole celebration was festive and spontaneous.

When all the people had assembled, I addressed a few words of thanks to them for their warm reception. I praised them for their enthusiasm for the Faith and their co-operation with



The author (left) with Father Curtin

the Padre, assuring them that it was just a matter of time before the Indians of Santa Eulalia would have a Padre of their own.

After the children had sung some hymns, we left for the patio, where the people swarmed to meet us. When every father, mother, and baby had had their heads touched lightly by the Padres, it was time for lunch. The food was good, and as we ate it, a crowd gathered before the door to watch us handle knives and forks.

As Father Lenahan and I rode back to the central mission, I could not help thinking of the recent history of the town we had just visited.

Santa Eulalia lies high in the Cuchumatanes Mountains of Guatemala, upward of eight thousand feet. The town itself is perched on the level top

of one of the foothills, open to the sky and to all the cold breezes that sweep through these highlands. It is shrouded in mist and drenched with rain a great part of the year.

For many years Santa Eulalia had been but one of the numerous outstations of the Soloma parish, under the care of Father J. Edmund McClear. That Maryknoller had always found the Indians friendly, on his infrequent visits. Eventually Father McClear got an assistant, Father Hugo M. Gerbermann. Since then it has been possible to give more time to Santa Eulalia.

Father Gerbermann fell in love immediately with the good people of Santa Eulalia, and it was agreed that he should take this town as his own responsibility. Last October Father Gerbermann began visiting Santa Eulalia at regular intervals, for a week or more at a time. He was pleased by the reception accorded him, and it wasn't long before he found the church crowded with Indians, eager for religious instruction.

The Indians love to sing and Father Gerbermann taught them many new Spanish hymns. Attendance at doctrine classes mounted, until almost four hundred persons were crowded into the church at each session. The climate was damp, and the rectory was in poor shape, but Father Gerbermann was elated over the unusual success in so short a time.

It is work like this, among co-operative and grateful people, that makes mission life consoling for the missionary. It helps him bear up under the trial of working in season and out of season.

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DEATH IN THE VALLEY

Success and failure
in the Peruvian lowlands

BY DONALD C. CLEARY

■ THE VALLEY of Tambopata, on the eastern slope of the Andes, is along one of the routes to that vast jungle land known as the Peruvian selva. It is less than three thousand feet above sea level and, while still mountainous, boasts a hot climate and heavy vegetation. Among its many precious woods is the prized tree from which quinine is made. Less fortunately, this valley has, also, many sorts of reptiles and insects, including the malaria-bearing mosquito.

Tambopata lies at the end of a rough trail, a two-day journey on foot or muleback from our mission of Sandia. In over five years, the place had been visited only once by a priest. I arrived in the valley, hot and weary, one day in June, to find a large part of the community prostrate with malaria.



Every house had at least one person sick of the disease, and in some homes entire families lay ill. It was the first time in many years that the disease had become epidemic, and the Indians were full of fear. They told me that many persons had died, and that many more had fled the district, abandoning homes and crops. Some of the sick, seeking relief from the burning torment of fever, had flung themselves into the icy mountain stream that flowed through the valley, and had died of shock.

I set up headquarters in one of the abandoned homes and gave quinine injections until my supply was exhausted. I also heard confessions and anointed the stricken who were in danger of death. It was a time of great physical suffering, but also of great grace. Over thirty Indians

died, but not one of them without the Last Rites of the Church or, in the case of the children, without Baptism. Couples who had been living together for years were married, and others reconciled. Many persons turned from sinful ways, and returned to God's grace.

At last the epidemic waned, and I decided to go to another village, called Pilco, in which there might be a few isolated cases of malaria. The news of my coming preceded me, and on arrival I was welcomed and taken to the bedside of the only sick person in the village. This was a young man, about twenty-five years of age. He was tall and muscular, but showed, in sunken cheeks and glassy stare, the ravages of the disease. I did what I could for him, but there was little hope of recovery. I inquired about his spiritual condition, and explained to him the need of drawing close to his Creator.

The sick man was unmarried, but

was living with a young woman who was the mother of his two children. I begged and argued and prayed, but he remained firm in his refusal to receive the sacraments. He insisted that

"I am delighted with the abundant good humor of your magazine. I live on a pension, but I want to help the missions. This dollar was given to me, so I pass it on to you. God has been good to me, and I am thankful."

—M. R. C., Mich.

We are thankful, too!

he was young and strong, and that he would soon get well. As it was then late in the day, I gave him a crucifix. Asking him to pray, I left for the quarters prepared for me.

The next day, after celebrating Mass, I returned to the dying Indian's bedside and remained with him all day. I explained his condition — pleaded with him — prayed. He grew weaker and weaker, but still refused to amend his life. Conscious to the end, he refused to pray or to ask God's pardon for any offenses he had committed. Finally, he died unrepentant. As I left the house, fatigued from the long vigil and disheartened by my failure, I thought that in heaven too, there must be mourning for the one who did not do penance.

Such is the way of the missionary.

IT'S ALL THE WAY YOU SAY IT! —

DURING the past year, we visited towns and villages around Puno, to speak on vocations to the priesthood. One day we stopped our truck at a fine-looking school, and went inside — to find that the building was only a shell, with earthen walls and floor. When we asked the director if we might speak to his pupils, he blew his whistle, and the pupils came to attention. I began my talk, pulling out all stops. I spoke about the grave need for clergy in the Puno diocese, and I felt sure, from the strict attention given by the sixty youngsters, that volunteers would come forward. It was a good talk, one of the best I ever gave. When I finished, the director said: "Thank you, Padre, for your speech. No doubt you know these students are new. Since they don't understand Spanish, I will now translate into Aymara."

—Father Robert E. Kearns, Peru.





Tough Hombre

BY PETER PETRUCCI

A Yucatecan legend from Indian War days comes to roost

■ I FINALLY MET Juan Vega. When friends heard that I was going to Chunpom on a mission trip, they told me that I shouldn't fail to see him. Some spoke of him as "a white man among the Mayan Indians." Others called him "a bad man who killed a lot of innocent people." Still others called him "the leader of the Mayan Indians around Chunpom."

For the first time in many, many years, a catechism class had been organized in Chunpom. The man responsible was my catechist, Juan Arzapalo. He had gone down,

rounded up some children of the village, and made them ready for First Communion. He reported, also, that after some struggle he had prepared a "bad man" for confession and Communion. The "bad man" was Juan Vega.

I went down to examine the catechist's work. Chunpom is one of the most out-of-the-way places in the Quintana Roo jungle. The road to the village is only a mule trail. I remember thinking that Chunpom was a good place for any bad man to hide.

The first person I met in the village



was Juan Vega himself. When he came to greet me, I saw a small, bent, and aged man. In a soft, modulated voice, he asked me to have supper with him that evening. He didn't look like a bad man.

After Rosary and confessions, I went to Juan Vega's house. It was an old hut, like all the huts of Chunpom, made of wooden poles and topped by a thatched roof. It was quite dark inside. After the customary greetings, I sat down to eat. During the meal, Juan told me his story.

He was born on the island of Cozumel about eighty years ago. His mother was a pious woman, and instructed the boy in his Faith. When he was ten years old, he made a fishing trip to the Yucatan mainland with his father. On the mainland, the islanders met some Mayan Indians who appeared to be friendly — but then something went wrong. The In-

dians fell upon the boy's father and other members of the party. All were killed except Juan.

The boy was captured and taken to the Mayan village, where he was appointed a scribe because he could read and write. Eventually he married a Mayan woman and raised a fine family.

"They say I killed many people," Juan remarked. "It is not true. The villagers often came to me for advice, and I would tell them not to kill their captives. That is the way my mother taught me. The Mayas usually followed my advice, but sometimes in war bad things happen. The Indian wars have long since ended, but the stories grow bigger every year!"

After Juan Vega finished his story, he made his confession. The next morning he received Holy Communion — for the first time in seventy years. I don't think that the angels found him a very "tough hombre."



Flowers in November

BY BONAVENTURE REDMAN

■ TO CATHOLICS in the United States, who are accustomed to observe May as the "Month of Mary," it probably seems strange that Our Lady's month in Chile comes in November. But the weather provides a good reason for the change in custom. In May, winter is almost here. The unheated churches are damp, drafty, and chilly; rain is a constant threat to any procession. On the contrary, November is a springtime month in this latitude, and has all the beautiful trappings of nature.

The Month of Mary in Chile begins with devotions on November 7, and concludes with all possible solemnity in an outdoor procession on December 8, the Feast of The Immaculate Conception.

Chileans have a great devotion to Our Lady, who is the patroness of the nation, and who bears the title, "General of the Chilean Army." She

was given this honorary rank by the great Latin-American liberator, Bernardo O'Higgins. Her clients prove their love by the way they turn out in her honor.

Mary's month is the one time in the year when everybody and his uncle

are sure to get to church. Great crowds come for evening devotions, during the month, and for Communion on December 8. For many, this is the only time in the whole year when they receive the sacraments. In one of the largest parishes in Santiago, there were 45,000 Communions on the Feast of The Immaculate Conception. Four priests began the distribution at midnight; stopped for a rest from four to six o'clock in the morning; and then resumed distribution, without interruption, until ten o'clock.

To take advantage of the upsurge of spirituality in November, most parishes have the annual parish missions during this month. As a result, priests are busier than usual. The pastor who fails to engage missionaries for his parish a full year in advance will be unable to get any during November and December. These are the only practical months, because spring plowing and planting are finished, and the people have time to assist at church.

Daily devotions for the Month of Mary consist of Rosary, litany, hymns, sermon, and special prayers. During the mission a second sermon or instruction is given, and a few more hymns are used. The same hymns are repeated year after year, and nobody needs a hymnbook to sing them.



MARYKNOLL

HOW ABOUT YOU

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL? If you are like most of us, you may reply: "No, I just haven't gotten around to it yet. Besides, I'm not rich; I haven't a great deal of money or property to leave, so a will won't matter much, anyway."

That is like saying, "I have no very exciting news to write to my mother, so why bother to write to her at all?" Your mother wishes to hear from you, even if you haven't just been elected president. Making a will is a matter of affection and kindness and justice, as well as of law and property.

To die "intestate" — that is, without making a will — is always troublesome, and may even be tragic, for those who survive. If there is no will, property comes under the jurisdiction of the courts, and it must be divided according to definite rules laid down in the law. Seldom does such division meet the needs of the family.

Only you can make your will. Only you can divide your property fairly.

Only you can see that all needs are met.

Why take the risk? Now — today — while you are "of sound mind and disposing memory," make your will! Make a separate bequest for a specified number of Masses for yourself. Then make a special bequest to Maryknoll, a stringless gift, to be used where it will be needed most and where it will do the most good.

How should you go about this? There are three easy steps: (1) List your property; (2) list your heirs; (3) see a lawyer.

A good Catholic, considering how to leave his or her property, will remember family and friends. The Christian has, by his special quality, certain obligations as a follower of Christ. He will think of charity — to his parish, to diocesan and national institutions, and to the world-wide Church.

How to Make a Bequest to Maryknoll

In your will, use the following form in leaving property to Maryknoll:—"I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York, (Here insert amount or description of legacy or property.) This legacy is to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated."

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

I shall be interested to receive your FREE booklet *The Making of a Catholic Will*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here for a free booklet about the Maryknoll Annuity.





Father John O'Brien, of New York City, can cover the Santa Cruz area by jeep

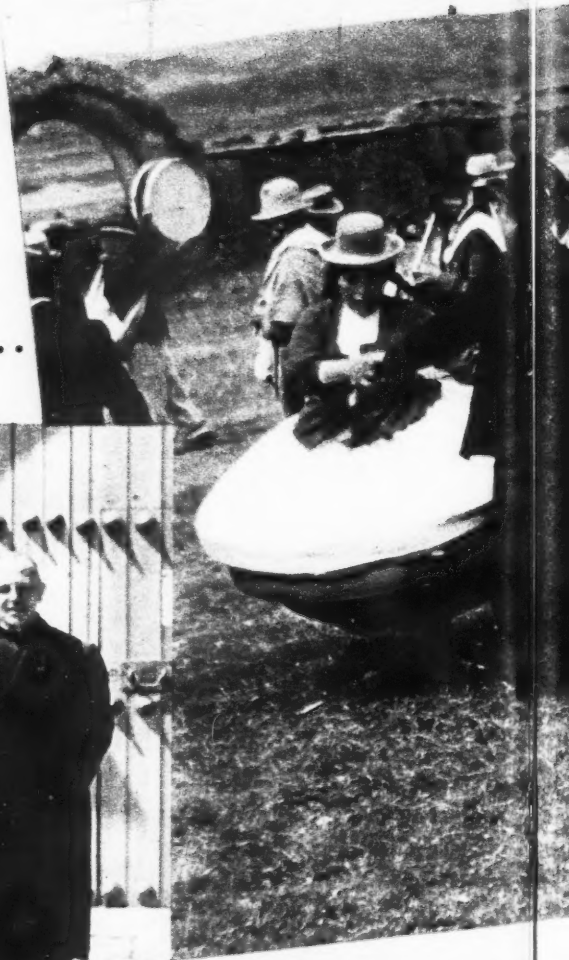
High and Low in Bolivia

■ **BOLIVIA** is a land of contrasts. For many people, Bolivia is the high plateau of the Andes, a region where the Indians dwell at altitudes up to 14,000 feet. To others, Bolivia is the *yungas*, the middle-land slopes where are located the coffee plantations and great farms. Finally, to still others, Bolivia is the jungle, an area as large as California and Texas combined. Maryknollers can be found at posts in all three areas, so it is difficult to generalize about work there. Conditions that apply to one group of missionaries, have no relation to other groups. Climate, people and customs differ in each of Bolivia's three regions.



The Altiplano

*Bolivia is
cold and high...*

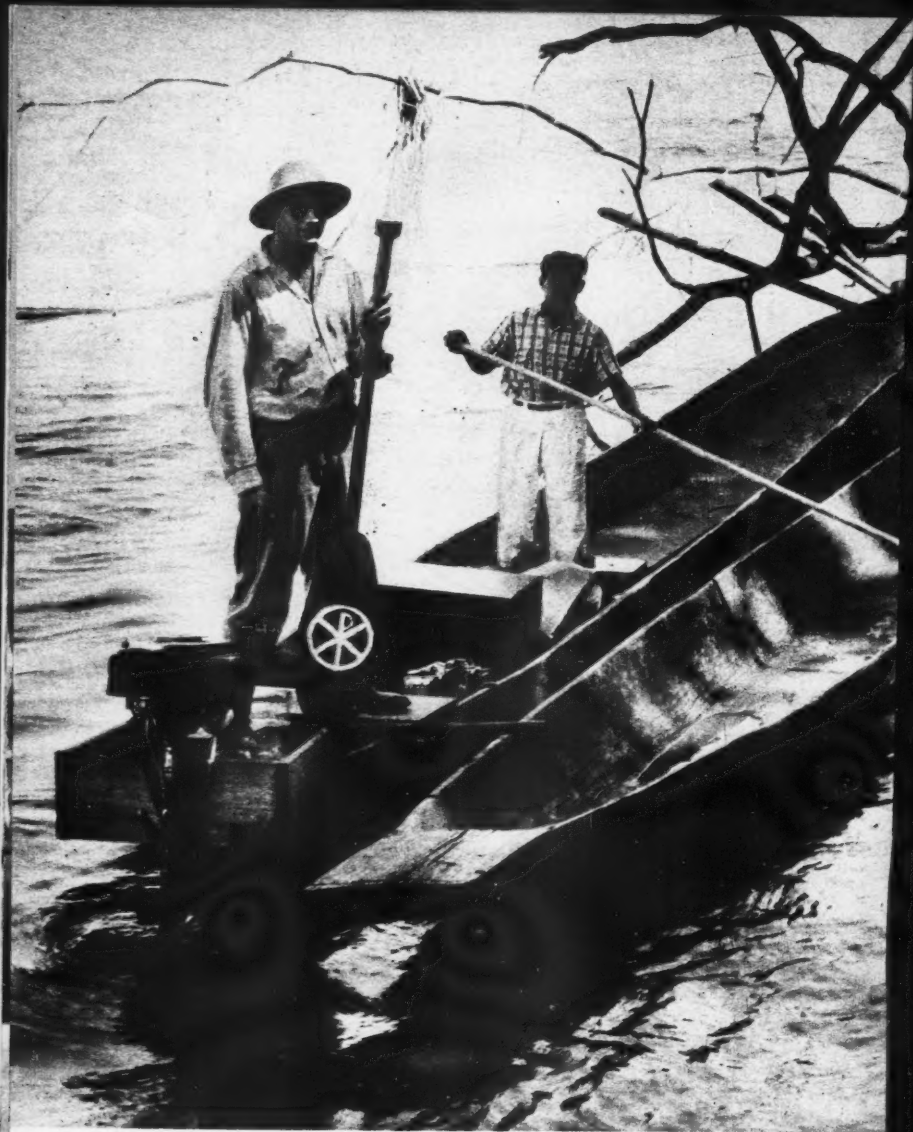


The Indian highlands of Bolivia are cold and high. At an Indian fiesta (above), women with many children get themselves dizzy. The more petticoats the better. (Right) An Indian market. With a high altitude, Charles F. McCarthy is photographed



Bolivians are a rainbow of colors. At an event, women with many layers of petticoats spin. The more petticoats, the greater the prestige! With a highland bishop (left), Father [name] is photographed visiting a colonial church.





Rivers are the roads of jungle-land. The villages are along river banks. In dugout canoes, missionaries, like Father Maskell, paddle from station to station.



In
on.



Bolivia is hot and low . . .



Monsignor Danehy (above) poses with a sodality group in Riberalta. Supplies are flown in to Father Thomas Collins (below) and other missionaries by plane.



EDITORIAL:

Smiling in the Rain

It was a nipping and an eager air, to say the least, into which the American missionary stepped when he left the barn-like building after a day of heatless shivering within its bleak walls. He turned to face the dreary, driving rain, the gusty north wind, and the black night.

Then he saw them. Not that he was greatly surprised at the sight, for it was one he had seen countless times — saw every day, saw all around him, saw in his uneasy dreams — expected to go on seeing. Besides, he was not only a missionary but one far advanced in the sere and yellow leaf, of ancient vintage, of many similar winters; and so he was hardly capable of being surprised any more at anything, anyhow. He was like any man who, having to live in a big city with human misery piled up around him, finds that its causes are endless, its victims innumerable, its demands colossal; learns that half of it, in any case, is professional (lessening its merit, perhaps, if not its misery); pities the other half, says a frequent prayer for both halves, sees no way to cope with either half; and ends by consigning the whole busi-

ness to the mercy of God, along with many another puzzle in life.

But was this really misery? It did not quite appear so: those two broad smiles looked like a very cheerful sort of misery, indeed.

The truth was that the missionary had stumbled on one of those accompaniments, variations, offshoots, of misery that often prove more arresting than the stark thing itself. And so he paused just a moment, took a second look at the two Chinese faces, smiled by contagion, and was straightway bewitched, bemused, and lost. The old man had no long, gray beard and glittering eye with which to stop the missionary. The young man uttered no sound, made no sign, to arrest his attention. But it was arrested, nevertheless; he stopped anyhow.

The old man was sixty, if he was a day. As to the young man, nothing much emerged from the voluminous swaddlings and swathings that enveloped him, except two big, round, bottomless eyes, two rosy apples that passed for cheeks, and one tiny, fat, waving paw. And there under the murky street lamp, airily and un-



This Month's Cover

It fits the temper of the times and the spirit of Maryknoll's work around the world to present on our covers the strong, earthy faces of plain men and women who live as the great majority of the earth's peoples live. This is not a world of luxury, or even of sufficiency. The great body of mankind is in want — in material want that often keeps souls from knowing their spiritual want. Maryknoll's calling is to serve the needy of the earth.

MARYKNOLL

concerned, to all appearances, the old man and the young man both sat in the rain and cold of the night — and smiled and smiled. The rain pattered down, and the gusts blew, but not on the younger one of the pair, because the older one contrived somehow to keep his little bundle more or less in the lee of wind and weather.

"Is he cold?" echoed the old man. "My grandson? No, he isn't cold." Surely enough, the touch of the warm, pink, little fist proved this impression to be exact.

The old man did not say how he himself felt. Maybe he was "all face" like the sparsely clad Indians of long ago; and then again — considering the way his teeth chattered — maybe he wasn't. But the old man and the young man kept on smiling — and you know the rest. The missionary went on his way, with a lighter pocket-book and a heavier heart, wondering at the brave, pitiful sight, and greatly wondering that he and the twentieth century put together could find nothing more to do about it.

Professionals? Possibly — even probably. But did that make a great deal of difference? Who particularly wants to be a professional beggar, anyhow? The young man, as a matter of fact, was very young, indeed, to have settled his life vocation, chosen a profession. The old man had evidently had his chosen for him by the loss of his legs, by the kind of world he lived in.

The missionary left the affecting scene. Reflection comes, even when the mind is chiefly occupied with mud puddles; and sometimes a little more philosophy, a little clearer per-

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911
by the American Hierarchy to
prepare missionaries from the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.

ception. It was mysteriously true that the Kingdom of God seemed very long in coming to a world that badly needed it. But maybe God Himself knew that — made allowances. Maybe there were steps that brought the Kingdom closer; maybe smiling in the rain was one of them. China has no monopoly on human misery; every country in the world is full of that. But China has one very special feature all its own: the unique, superb smile with which its people never fail to face every known, conceivable form of fortune's frown. Maybe that smile will be returned some day. Maybe China is not so far from the Kingdom of God as men might think. — *Bishop James E. Walsh*

1951's most distinguished
**CATHOLIC
CHRISTMAS CARDS**

ANY 6 BOXES • \$5.00

Song of Bethlehem Box

20 new full-color designs rich in Catholic Christmas sentiments.

Box of 20, \$1.00 — Box of 100, \$4.00

Our Lady Box

16 cards of 5 beautiful Christmas paintings by Joseph Little. **Large tray box, \$1.00**

Christmas Story Box

16 cards of 5 paintings of birth and childhood of Christ. **\$1.00**

Christ Child Box

16 cards of 5 charming subjects by Jack Jewell. **Large tray box, \$1.00**

Midnight Mass Box

16 cards of 5 unique paintings by Kurt Weise. **\$1.00**



Ten Good Gifts!

1. Adventures of Wu Han
A thriller to captivate the young reader while acquainting him with things Korean. \$2.50

2. Pingo Pongo Box
Wee cards with winsome sketches for notes or gift enclosures. Box of 24 with envelopes. 75c

3. Household Blessings
Distinctive pyraglassed plaques in gift boxes.
House Blessing \$3.00
Kitchen Blessing \$2.50

4. Three Kings Box
Yuletide stationery in gift package; 24 plain & 24 decorated sheets & envelopes. \$1.00

5. Early Days of Maryknoll
Vibrant humor flavors this authentic account of Maryknoll's first decade. \$3.00

6. Caribbean Box
Striking color designs with a tropical theme. 30 cards & envelopes \$1.00

7. Life-time Rosary
Sterling silver chain; cut rock crystal beads in gift box. \$12.00.

8. Immortal Fire
A missionary classic covering the apostolic greatness from St. Paul to our own times. \$7.50

9. Jumbo Pack
Lots of Brothers & Sisters \$2
My Book About God \$2
Jesus Comes For Everybody \$1
Jesus Helps Everybody \$1
All four for \$4.80

10. Scapular Medals
Our Lady of Maryknoll medal on sterling chain. \$2.25
Ladies' 18" chain \$2.25
Men's 24" chain \$2.50

Gift Wraps

30 full color sheets in various sizes; 40 seals; 25 gift enclosures.
All for \$1.25!



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The Maryknoll Bookshelf
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____



The ministering hand of a Maryknoll Sister gives hope to many of God's sick.

Afield with the Sisters

■ MORE THAN 400 patients a day! Korean refugees at Pusan, the great port of the south, swarm around the Maryknoll Sisters' Clinic all day. Two Sisters here are doctors; a third is a nurse. Others are pharmacist-nurse, medical technician, secretary, and educator.

"How I wish you could see this place!" writes Sister Mary Mercy, M.D. "Patients are lined up in front of the dispensary at 5:30 a.m. Our handyman acts as policeman to keep the crowd in order, until we can open up for work at 8:30.

"We also go out to the refugee camps of huts on the mountainsides

of Pusan. Any trip to those places turns out to be an afternoon clinic for a whole district. The huts are made of cartons and rice bags and have earthen floors covered only by straw. The Koreans living there are the poorest of the poor. They possess no cooking utensils but old tin cans.

"Several times we have crawled into some hut to find a baby with full-blown smallpox, or a patient critically ill with typhoid or typhus. Immediately the immunization program began.

"Sometimes we set up our vaccination table out in the open. Sometimes we are offered a more spacious house.

MARYKNOLL



Sister Mercy and friends (see article). Her jeep is always a welcome sight.

In any event, the boys of the neighborhood always come to our aid, rounding up people to be vaccinated, writing down the date, and so forth. Everywhere we go, we find forty or fifty patients to be examined and a hundred or more vaccinations to be done.

"The people are most grateful. They treat us with respect and are happy to have us come to them in their poor homes. Everyone knows we represent the Catholic Church.

"The water here in Pusan is scarce and contaminated. The children are emaciated, and many suffer acutely from vitamin deficiencies and lack of food. Several children who could not walk a few weeks ago, are now playing on the hillside with their friends, because we were able to help

them with injections of Vitamin B.

"It's lots of work — but who could object to it? We get our meals when we can. Today, clinic cases began coming at 5:30 a.m. By 1:30 p.m., there was no dent in the crowd, apparently, so we had to stop for a bite of lunch before carrying on.

"Yesterday, two of us — a doctor and a nurse — left here at 11 a.m. for Yong Do — the island at the opposite end of town. The pair encountered several cases of smallpox, so they had a clinic right on the street corner, of 140 children who had never been vaccinated before. It was after 7:00 p.m. when they got back to the house.

"The poor sick are too ill to go to a hospital, and too timid usually to ask the doctor to call to see them.

Most of them do not have enough to eat, and of course they are unable to pay for medicine. All the patients we see in the clinic or in their homes are really ill with serious conditions. They would not be cared for if we were not here.

"Yesterday a woman took me to see her husband, who had been sick a week with high fever and aches all over his body. As we walked along, the woman apologized for taking me to her tiny home. Climbing part way up a hill covered with one-room huts, we paused before a hole in the hillside.

"I took off my shoes, for it is an insult to enter any home, no matter how humble, with one's shoes on. The opening was so small, I had to crouch to enter the hole. When my eyes became adjusted to the dark-

ness, I crawled in on hands and knees and gently dropped about three feet into the room. The latter is five feet by four, and is not high enough for an adult to stand in.

"On the floor sat a man about thirty years old. His face was flushed but wore a welcoming smile. His fever was 104.2. My eyes fell on the telltale, typical rash of a dread disease — typhus! Fortunately, we have some aureomycin, and we began treatment immediately. Nevertheless, the man was wildly delirious when I returned this morning. We have notified the Public Health Department, but they have not yet come to take him to the isolation hospital.

"I crawled back into the sunshine and made sure that Cecilia, the sick man's wife, would call the priest, for the couple are Catholics."

THE OTHER HALF — are you good at teamwork?

The Maryknoll Sister-missioner and her Sponsor are a hard-working team. Together they bring many a soul to Christ. Together they share the reward of those who "go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

It's a simple arrangement. The Sister gives her life. As a sponsor, you help to provide for her support for 30, 20, 10, 5, or any number of days each month, according to your means, at \$1.00 a day.

You are the indispensable "other half" of the team. She cannot do God's work without you.

The form below is not a pledge. You may discontinue the monthly offering at will, if you find yourself unable to continue.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

I wish to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister-missioner for _____ days a month, at \$1.00 a day. Please send me a monthly reminder. I understand, however, that there is no obligation: I may discontinue at will.

My Name _____
Street _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____

■ ALL SOULS' DAY is always a busy one for us missionaries. That is the day when the Peruvian highland folk come to the big town of Cuyocuyo, to hear Mass and pray for their dead.

I recall the surprise I had the first time I was in Cuyocuyo for this day. Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, I was told that I was wanted at the church. As I walked over, the people were watching me, some with broad grins on their faces, others shyly raising their hats.

At the door of the church, the parishioners had placed a large table in front of a huge cross. On the table they had placed gifts for the pastor. It was covered with eggs, fruit, potatoes, live chickens, and local herbs. I couldn't help thinking that once again the missionaries of old had changed a pagan custom. Instead of leaving food on graves in the cemetery, for the dead, the Catholic Indians brought gifts of food to their pastor on All Souls' Day.

As we were looking over the presents, a little girl about five years old came to the table with an egg in her hand. When she turned away, her contribution started to roll off the table. At a gasp from the crowd, she turned and caught the egg just in time, and returned it to its place.

Once again the girl turned away. Once again the crowd gasped in expectation. Once again she clutched the egg in time to prevent a tragedy. By this time the crowd was becoming hilarious. When the egg started to roll off the table for the fourth or fifth time, the little miss was quite exasperated. She caught the egg in her two chubby hands and slammed it triumphantly down on the table. You

The Stubborn Egg

BY ROBERT KEARNS

can imagine the rest! I like scrambled eggs, anyway.

After this interlude of juggling, we walked to the cemetery in a group. The Cuyocuyo cemetery is on the outskirts of town. It is surrounded by a high, adobe wall. Inside, according to custom, the dead are placed on top of the ground, with adobe or brick tombs built over the coffins. In the days preceding the feast, the people whitewash the tombs and clean up the debris that has gathered in the cemetery. On the feast day, everything is bright and shining.

We entered the cemetery and spent the rest of the morning offering prayers at each individual grave. Meanwhile the church bell tolled sadly. At the end of the forenoon, all gathered in the center of the cemetery, and said the Rosary for all the deceased. It is a fitting close to a day dedicated to prayer for the faithful departed.

After the prayers in the cemetery, the people start back to their homes scattered throughout the mountains. All Souls' Day is ended.



EDGE OF THE SHADOW

To be truly free, the plain, thoughtful citizen of the earth must be able to come to the edge of the shadow of life's enigmas, by faith in God and love for every race and color.

W
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Junior Gets His Name

BY ALPHONSE A. SCHIAVONE

■ JOSEPH OJWANG sat in one corner of the room, translating the catechism from Swahili into Egikuria. I sat at my desk, making an index of the names of our Christians. I noticed that each member of the same family had completely different names. Both first and last names were different from first and last names of any parents or relatives.

"The father gives his child any name he wishes," remarked Joseph, in answer to my observation. "Our people think it is very funny that the members of a white man's family all have the same last name."

"But do these names have any meaning?" I inquired.

Joseph proceeded to explain a few of the names, and I began to connect each with a history of the Bakurias tribe. Some names told of past wars; some told of hardships, plagues of locusts, attacks by wild animals, epidemics; some told of sickness; some told of weather.

"Mwita was born during the wars," said Joseph. "Therefore, his parents named him Mwita, which means 'One Born during War.' Many years ago there was an invasion of locusts when a child was born. She was called Magage, which means 'One Born

when the Locusts Came.' There are people named Marwa, and this word reveals that the person owning the name was born during a beer party. A child who entered this world at night may be called Matiko. If we encounter anyone named Magabe, we know that a fortuneteller was in the vicinity of the village when the baby was born."

Joseph paused to get his breath. Then he continued: "A long time ago, when the Luos and Masai came down to fight with our people, we built cattle kraals from mud and stone. The word for a kraal is gabugwe, and many of the children born during the building of the kraals bear the name Gabugwe. Names often tell a person's age.

"Numerous other names in our language tell stories, but I do not know them. You must ask an older man. I was born into a Catholic family and therefore do not know all the superstitions practiced by the pagans. It would be well to inquire of one of them."

For the time being, I must be satisfied with what Joseph told me. Some day I will corner an old pagan and learn more of the Bakurias history through tribal names.

Baptizing the Little Barbarians

BY GORDEN N. FRITZ

■ FOR TWO YEARS NO Padre had been able to visit the tiny rubber village of Santa Ana on the River Madidi, just above our Bolivian mission of Cavinass. I resolved to go there on the next launch.

Some weeks passed before any launch was scheduled to ascend that far into the jungle. But when one did come, I got aboard. It was just about midnight when the launch left Cavinass, and I had been routed from bed to catch it. But I was glad to be on my way to Santa Ana.

Soon after sunrise, the next morning, I said Mass at a little village along the way. Most of the rest of the day was spent watching our boat twist up the narrow, winding river. The banks were covered with ducks and screeching, red-haired monkeys. We were in a real forest primeval, and it was beautiful all the way.

At sundown the launch puffed and staggered into the bank on which stood Santa Ana. I was greeted by my portly, old friend, Don Ramon. He treated me to a duck dinner. The next morning after Mass, I had baptisms in the village.

"So far, so good," said Don Ramon, "but our real barbarians are out in the rubber centrals. Padre, you must certainly go there! To make it easy for you, I will give you a good guide and a good horse. I will also send word to the people to gather in the bigger places."

Don Ramon, large in stature and spirit, was a man of his word. He saw to it that, by six the next morning, I was breakfasted, packed, and off.

"The trip is easy," he told me. It was, if one ignored some thirty miles of jungle and burning pampas! Don Ramon had given me a good horse, so we made excellent time. I stopped for a lone baptism en route, and arrived in San Jose about one o'clock. A chicken dinner was awaiting us there. After that, I took a hurried bath in a swiftly flowing stream, and then began registering and baptizing my nineteen "barbarians." How well they let the jungle know that they were leaving their original state!

We went on to other centrals for more baptisms, and returned to San Jose at night. My hope was to reach Santa Ana for Mass the next morning, which would be Sunday.

During the night all the water buckets in the sky were upset. What a deluge! We got an early start and found that the trail had become a river. For four and five miles at a stretch, we rode through water knee-deep. But Don Ramon had not only provided me with a horse, he had arranged for the horse to be an amphibian. We made the course in time for Mass!

After lunch we boarded the launch and returned to Cavinass, leaving a trail of converted "barbarians" in our scattered centers.

In Memoriam

IF YOU LIVE on a limited income, this page is for you!

A millionaire may endow a hospital in memory of his son. A rich widow may give funds for a library, so that future generations will recall and bless her dead husband. A wealthy man may set up a credit fund for employees, to perpetuate the name of his partner.

But people of small means have sons and husbands and friends who die; and they love and admire such persons, and want them gratefully remembered. Only lack of money prevents the building of worthy memorials in such cases.

Perhaps you, too, have in mind some dear one who deserves remembrance. Why not combine with other persons like yourself, to produce a great total?

The permanent chapel for our Seminary will be a memorial to our friends, living and dead. The book of the Recording Angel will list names of countless small-gift donors who made it possible; or names of husbands, wives, partners, sisters, parents, brothers, friends, in whose memory the donations were made. What better memorial could you find?

Do you wish to have a lasting part in the training of Maryknoll missionaries? Please remember that any amount you give for the Seminary chapel will be acceptable to us. You may contribute \$1, or \$5, or \$500. Or you may pledge a sum and pay it in monthly installments.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Herewith find \$_____ toward Maryknoll's chapel.

My name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

NOVEMBER, 1951

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY
American Yorkshire Club Inc.
Lafayette, Indiana

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League Breeders Ass'n
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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This Certifies That The Bill
way Eric 6"

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Named— Cesar 41st Erica

Time Left ear— EYE 5— Right ear— 41C

Dr. Cesar's Header Mercury

Time— Echo May 12"

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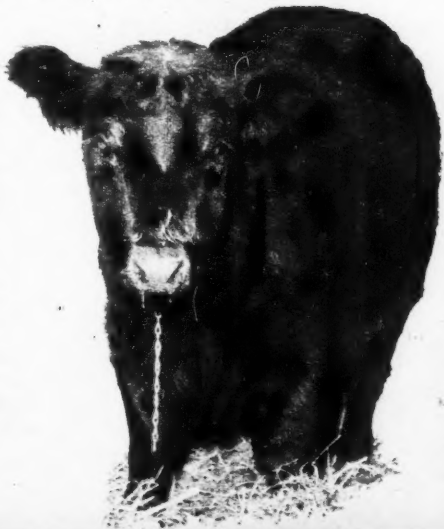
A SEMINARY PHOTO STORY



Operating a modern farm means reams of paper work (left) for Father Bordenet and Brother Denis Killian. (Above) Brother Alphonse Gross, farm superintendent, gets 800 broiler chicks ready for the brooder.

■ EVERY DAY 900 meals are served at Maryknoll's major Seminary, which subtracting vacations, means that well over a quarter of a million meals are prepared annually. In the course of a year, 86,000 quarts of milk, 36,000 loaves of bread, and 26 tons of meat will be consumed. Foreseeing sustained high prices in foodstuffs, Father Paul Bordenet, Seminary procurator, came up with a plan for reorganizing and expanding our farm. He consulted with friends. Ivor Balding, of C. V. Whitney Farms, recommended Black Angus for our beef needs; Dr. Maurice Lord and E. R. Shannon picked the foun-

NOVEMBER, 1951





Brother Andrew Seidinger has the exacting job of milling and mixing livestock rations.

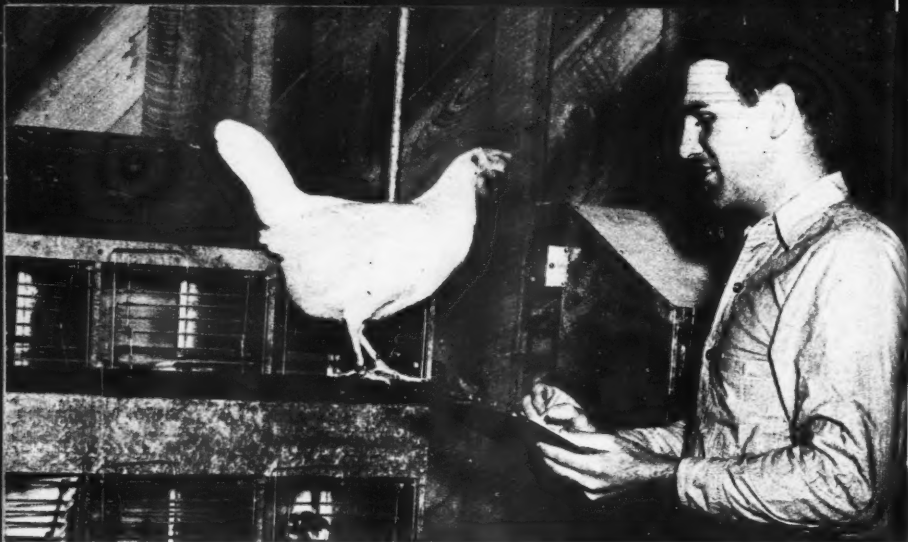


dation stock for our Yorkshire swine herd. Bruce Hagan and Doctor C. Angstrom advised on poultry management. Doctor Edward Kennelly frequently rode over from White Plains to give counsel and help. Now the farm is in full operation. It provides the Seminary with all the eggs, poultry, and pork needed, and fills a part of the beef requirements, all at low prices. With labor and all costs included, the farm furnishes eggs for about 26 cents a dozen. The program is based on the most modern methods.

NOVEMBER, 1951

Postulant Brother Alexander serves dinner to the laying flock, some of whose dams produce 300 eggs a year.





Breeder Hen 166, who came to Maryknoll as a day-old chick, asks Postulant Brother Douglas how she can better a monthly 73% trapnest average.



The Maryknoll chef likes to work with birds "fresh from the farm" as are these broilers. Our Maryknoll seminarians like to work on them.

tu-
ge.



Here's some of the 300 hungry Maryknollers to be fed each day. The farm program helps us save money, which can be sent to the missions.

The Maryknoll Roundup

Around the Clock. For some 5,000 souls in the village of Ichu, Peru, Sunday Mass is an all-day affair. We learned this from Father Thomas W. Verhoeven, of Monroe, Mich., now in Peru. The village has no resident priest. Villagers who wish to hear Mass, rise at half past four and walk to Puno. They arrive in time for the eleven o'clock Mass.

Then, if they don't remain to chatter in the market place, and if they keep a steady walking pace, they reach home shortly after six p.m., in time for Sunday dinner.



FR. VERHOEVEN

Chilean Wake. "The other night I went to a wake," Father Arthur E. Brown, of Brookline, Mass., wrote from Nuble, Chile.



FR. ALLIE

"After reciting some prayers for the departed, I sat around awhile, listening to the chatter. I learned a great deal. When someone has died, a Chilean never mentions the fact directly.

He uses some statement like these: 'She went on a journey.' 'She forgot to breathe.' 'She left in a boat with four candles.' 'She jumped her

baggage.' 'She paid all her debts.' The next day at the cemetery a photographer appeared to take a group picture at the tomb. 'Be sure and put on the face of death,' he warned. 'I don't want anyone smiling in this picture. This is a sad, sad day.'"

Don't Believe Your Ears. Our Tanganyika correspondent, Father Thomas F. Gibbons, of Philadelphia, sends along some tidbits of African animal lore. It seems that the elephant is the most dangerous animal to hunt. The leopard is the most vindictive.

The cheetah is the fastest and has been clocked by an auto at 70 miles an hour. However, the lion is the smartest, because the lion is a ventriloquist. When being stalked, he confuses hunters by throwing his voice in different directions; then after he has thoroughly confused his pursuers, he either runs away or attacks. Father Tom says that, when a lion roars, *he* isn't going to stay around.



FR. GIBBONS

Stepping Stone. In regard to animals, Brother Damien Walsh, of Wheeling, W. Va., sends an interesting item. "Last Sunday, after High Mass," he writes from Africa, "Brother Fidelis

Deichelbohrer (of Detroit, Mich.) saw a family of hippopotamuses playing in Lake Victoria, which is almost at our front door. Brother grabbed his camera, and we went down to the lake to get a better look at the large beasts. We made our way down as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb them. Brother jumped from rock to rock to get closer. Just as he was about to jump to the last rock, he stopped. The rock had suddenly moved. It was a large crocodile!"



BRO. DAMIEN

"Medico Steve." When an epidemic of whooping cough broke out recently, in the town of Cavinass, Bolivia, the Indians sent an urgent SOS for Father Stephen Maskell, of Santa Barbara, Calif. That missionary is known in those regions as "the river priest" because his parish is spread along the Beni River. In a few hours after receiving the call, Father Maskell had boxes of food and medicine loaded aboard a Government launch, and began the trip up-

river. On the way he arranged his medical supplies in order of use. Arriving in Cavinass, he gave medicine to all who had whooping cough, and also inoculated healthy youngsters to prevent further spread of the disease. The epidemic was checked and "Medico Steve" caught the next boat back to Riberalta.

Thank You. From Father Leo J. Steinbach, of Chariton, Iowa, and Kyoto, Japan, who is carrying 9,230 poor families on his relief rolls, comes an interesting item. "An old lady received an examination and a bottle of medicine from one of the Sister doctors," writes Father Leo. "She asked the price. When told that it was all free, she exclaimed, 'I am over seventy years old, and this is the first time I have never paid a doctor!' Then she asked whom she could thank. We directed her to one of the teachers. 'He will teach you about the True God, to whom you should pay your thanks,' we told her."



FR. STEINBACH

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

11-1

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest ()
Brother ()

My Name _____

Street _____

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Maryknoll Want Ads

Watt to Give? How about a 300-watt portable generator for Monsignor Danehy's mission in Bolivia? This is a big need and an important one — but the mission lacks the \$200 for it.

So They May Have Benediction—This special blessing cannot be given in some of our missions because our priests lack necessary vestments. The cost of a Benediction cope is \$40, and to provide such would bring a "benediction" down upon yourself.

Overhead Expense—Roofing sheets are needed to shield the sacristy of a mission church in Guatemala. The present wood-shingle roof does not keep the rain out. Nineteen roofing sheets, at \$6.10 each, will do the job. Will you give one?

To Love God, They Must Know Him! Young Mexican children learn about God more readily when pictures and charts are used in catechism class. Father Robert E. Lee would like to purchase "Jesus and I" charts for his classes, but they cost \$3.60 each. Are you interested?

Water, Water Everywhere? No, not in our Tanganyika mission. The only source of drinking water there is rain, because wells and springs are lacking in that territory. For \$85, Monsignor Grondin could purchase a water tank and thereby preserve the precious rain water.

Children of God—Such are Bolivian orphans, homeless and friendless, who have only God's Church to help them. The tri-



pling sum of \$5 a month feeds one orphan. Surely you won't let them all starve!

Flat-Tops — not warships, but school desks! Father Allie's mission would rejoice with 200 of them — but they cost \$10 each. However, such desks will last for many years. Father writes: "We hope to have the boys in the morning and the girls in the afternoon, and thus really conduct two schools to educate some of the countless children in Chile."

Two Dollars' Worth of Miles. It takes 150 gallons of gasoline a month, to transport catechists in Kyoto, Japan, to the villages where they teach doctrine. Will you offer the "gas" to run the jeep that runs the catechists? Two dollars will purchase six gallons.

"Christ Died for You." A crucifix speaks more vividly than words. The price of a crucifix to go over the altar in a Chile mission is only \$60. What better use for that sum, if you can spare it?

Every Minute Counts in the life of a missionary. Priests are scarce in South America, and one minute might mean eternal life for a person in danger of death. One of our Padres needs a motorcycle — the fastest means of transportation in his territory. All or part of the \$300 needed will be welcome!





You are backing up the Missioner!

The Maryknoller who binds up the wounds of this African boy — or says Mass in Peru — or ministers to the dying in South China is your representative.

He couldn't be there without your support! The money that paid his fare, the funds for his school or hospital or church, came from you.

The housewife in Peoria, the street car conductor in Pittsburgh, the stenographer in Denver, all work together to keep this missioner supplied with the funds he needs. All, too, share in the reward of this Maryknoller and hundreds of others at work in Africa, Latin America and the Orient.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



Korea is on the move. Over three million Korean refugees are homeless and in a pitifully destitute state.

